NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DICKENS'S GREAT EXPECTATIONS. OREAT EXPECTATIONS. By CHARLES DICKENS. 12m

No one of the former productions of Mr. Dickens is richer in the peculiar qualities which have given him such a wide and solid popularity than the present remarkable creation of his genius; Without falling back on his own steps, and reproducing in a new form the characters with which the whole reading world is familiar, he follows out the path in which he has won such brilliant renown, and exhibits a series of fresh illustrations of the kind of individualities which his pen delights to represent, and of the walks of life in which all the affinities of his intellect make him completely at home. The personages in this story bear the evident marks of their paternity; they show a strong family likeness to the extensive gallery of portraits with which the name of Charles Dickens has become identical; they are drawn for the most part from a layer of society with which his reader bave no special sympathics; and regarded as separate individuals, they are not precisely of the stamp whose acquaintance the warmest admirers of the author would be solicitous to culfivate. Nor does the plot in which they are made to figure attract by the natural sequence of its events; it presents a succession of wild improbabilities; and although constructed with more than Mr. Dickens's usual finesse, it carries invention to the extreme borders of legitimate

The person, on whom the fortunes of Mr. Pip, the roung gentleman of "great expectations" are made to hinge, is one- Magwitch, christened Abel, an escaped convict, whose emineutly consistent life previous to transportation, is summed up in the terse autobiographical statement: "In jail and out of jail, in jail and out of jail, in jail and out of jail, carted here and carted there, and put out of this town and put out of that town, and stuck in the stocks, and whipped and worried and drove." The earliest recollections of the juvenile "warmint" were of "thieving turnips for a living," and afterward, tramping, begging, thieving, working sometimes when he could, which was not often, "a bit of a poacher, a bit of a laborer, a bit of a wagoner, a bit of a haymaker, a bit of a hawker, a bit of most things that don't pay and lead to trouble" until be got to be a man.

Mr. Pip himself, the marvelous viciositudes of whose life are the theme of his own story, makes his first appearance as a miserable, puny, timerons, lymphatic urchin, who had been "brought up by hand" by a sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery, twenty years elder than himself, whose domestic virtues took the form of strength of temper, rather than sweetness of disposition, and kept her husband,a staiwart Hercules of a blacksmith, but a mild, good natured, easy-going, foolish, dear fellow with curls of finxen hair on each side of his smooth face, and eyes of such a very undecided blue that they seemed somehow to have got mixed with their own whites,"-in perpetual terror of his life.

Joe's forge adjoined our bouse, which was a wooden Joe's forge adjoined out house, which was a wooden bone, as many of the dwellings in our country were past of them, at that time. When I ran home from the church-yard, the forge was shut up, and Joe was sitting above in the kitchen. Joe and I being fellow sufferers, and having confidence as such, Joe imparted a confidence to me the momant I raised the laten of the door and peeped in at him opposite to it, sitting in the chiracter occurrence. Mrs. Joe has been out a dozen times, looking for

"Le she?"

"Le she?"

"Kes d'ip," said Jee; "and what's worse, she's got
l'ckler with her."

At this dismal intelligence I twisted the only button
on my waistcoat round and round, and looked in great
depression at the fire. There were a wax-ended piece
of rame, worn smooth by collision with my tickled
frame.

frame.

"She sat down," seld Joe, "ann obe smade a grab at tables, and she ram-paged out. That's what she fid," said Joe, slowly clearing the fire between the begra with the poker; "she ram-paged out, Pip."

"Has he been gone long, Joe!" I always treated aim as a larger species of child, and as no more than

The acquaintance between Pip and the future

star of his destiny commenced under somer hat disagreeable circumstances. He had been wandering one ran, damp, dismal afternoon toward evening in a chirch-rard where his father and mother by barred, near an extoneive wilderness of a march. intersected with dikes and mounds and gates, with ecultered entile feeding on it, when he was well nigh frielstened out of his sources by the sudden adrent of a grim, grizzly apparition, which spake to him in not at all encouraging words:

" Plold your noise!" cried a terrible your, as a near on among the graves at the side of the

church-powh. "Hold your noise, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat!"

A fearful man, all in gray, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and broken aboes, and with an old rag tied round his head. A man who had been souked in water and amothered in mind, and haved by idones and on by flints, and strug by nettles, and torn by brime: who limped, and shivered, and glared, and growled; and whose teeth chattered in his head as he seized me by the chin.

"Don't cut my throat, Sir!" I pleaded in terror.

"Pray dou't do it, Sir!"
"Tell us your name!" said the man. "Quick!"

, Sir., sid the man. "Give it mouth!"
. Pip, sir."
w us where you live," said the man. "Pint

out the place!"
I pointed to where our village lay on the flat in-shore among the alder-trees and pollards, a mile or more from the church.

The man, after looking at me for a moment, turned me upade-down, and emptied my pocket. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread. When the church came to itself—for he was so sudden and strong that he made it go bend over heels before me, and I saw the steeple under my lege—when the church came to itself, I say, I was scated on a high tomb-stone trembling, while he ate the bread raveourly.

"You young dog!" said the man, licking his lips at me, "what int cheeks you hat got!"

I believe they were fat, though I was at that time undersized for my years, and not strong.

"Damned if I couldn't ent 'em,' said the man, with a threatening shake of his head, "and if I han't half a mind to 't!"

I carnestly expressed my hope that he wouldn't and

I samestly expressed my hope that he wouldn't, and held tighter to the tombatons on which he had put me; partly to keep myself u, on it, partly to keep myself from crying.

om crying. "New then, lookie here!" said the man. "Where's

your mother?"

"There, Sir," said L

He scarted, made a short run, and stopped and looked over his shoulder.

"There, Sir!" I timidly explained. "Also Gegio-

"There, Sir." I tindary explained. "Also Gegiorama. That's my mother."

"Oho!" said he, coming back. "And is that your
father alonger your mother?"

"Yes, Sir," said 1; "him too; late of this parish."

"His!" he muttered then, considering. "Who d'ye
How with—supposin' you're kindly let to live, which I
han't made up my taind about?"

"My sister, Sir—Mis. Joe Gargery—wife of Joe
Gargery, the blacksmith, Sir."

"Blacksmith, oh!" said he. And looked dewir at
hables.

whether you're to be let to live. You know what a Yes, Sir."

"And you know what wittles is?"

"Yee, Sir."

After each question he tilted me over a little me so as to give me a greater sense of helplessness.

as to give me a greater sense of neapan. "And danger.

"You get me wittles." He tilted me again. "You bring em both to me." He tilted me again. "Or I'll have your heart and liver out." He tilted meagain.

I was dreadfully frightened, and so giddy that I clung to him with both hands, and said, "If you would kindly please to let me keep upright, Sir, perhaps I shouldn't be sick, and perhaps I could attend more."

He gave me a most tremendous dip and roll, so that the church jumped over its own weathercock. Then he held me by the arms, in an upright position on the top of the stone, and went on in these fearful terms:

"You bring me, to-morrow morning early, that file, and them wittles. You bring the lot to me at that old Battery over yonder. You do this, and you never dare to say a word, or dare to make a sign concerning your haven't seen such a person as me, or any person, and you shall be let to live. You fail, or you go from my words in suy partickler, no matter how small the partickler, and your heart and your liver shall be tore out, roasted, and ate. Now I aln't alone, as you may think I am. There's a young man hid with me, in comparison with which young man I am an Aogel o light. It at young man hears the words I speak. That young man has a secret way peccoliar to himself, of getting at a boy, and at his heart, and at his liver. It is in wain for a boy to attempt to hide himself from that young man. A boy may lock his door, may be warm in bed, may tuck himself up, may draw the clothes over his head, may think himself comfortable and safe; but that young man will softly croep and creep his way to him and tear him open. I am a keepin't that young man from harmin' of you at the present moment, with great difficulty. I find it very hard to hold that young man off of your inside. Now, what de you say?"

I said that I would get him the file, and I would get He gave me a most tremendous dip and roll, so that

I said that I would get him the file, and I would ge him what broken bits of food I could, and I would come to him at the Battery, early in the morning. "Say Lord strike you dead if you don't!" said the

I said so, and he took me down. "Now," he pursued, "you remember what you've undertook, and you remember that young man, and

undertook, and you remember that young man, and you get home.

"Goo-good-night, Sir." I faltered.

"Much of that!" said he, glancing about him over the cold wet flat. "I wish I was a frog. Or a cel!"

At the same time he hugged his shuddering body in both his arms—chaping himself, as to hold himself together—and limped toward the low church wall. As I saw him go, picking his way among the nettles, and among the brambles that boand the evergreen mounds, he tooked in my young eyes, as if he were cluding the hands of the dead people, stretching up cantiously out of their graves, to get a twist upon his ankla and pull him in.

When he came to the low church wall, he got over

when he came to the less shurch wall, he got over it, like a man whose legs were numbed and stiff, and then turning, I set my face toward home, and made the best use of my legs. But presently I locked over my shoulder, and saw him going on again toward the river, still hugging himself in both arms, and picking his way with his sore feet among the great stones dropped into the marshes, here and there, for stepping-places when the rains were heavy, or the tide was in.

The marshes were just a long black horizontal line then, as I stopped to lock after him; and the river was just another horizontal line not nearly so broad nor yet so black; and the sky, was just a row of long angry red lines, and dense black lines intermixed. On the edge of the river I could faintly make out the only two black things in all the prespect that seemed to be standing upright; one of these was the beacon by which the scilors steered—like an unbooped cask upon a nole—an ugly almy thing when you were near it; the other, a gibbet with some chains hanging to it which had once held a pirate. The man was lumping toward this latter, as If he were the pirate coming to life and come down, and going back to hook himself up again. It gave me a terrible turn when I thought so; and as I saw the black cattle lifting their head to gaze after him, I wondered whether they thought so so; and as I saw the black Cattle uting their head to gaze after him, I wondered whether they thought so too. I looked all around for the horrible young man, and could see no signs of bim. But now I was fright-ened again, and ran horse without stopping.

The terrified Pip lost no time in fulfilling his

mission, and in the early gray of the morning was again upon the marshes with a store of mincement, a pork-pie, a bottle of brand;, and other comforts for the flesh which he had contrived to abstract from the Christmas larder of Mrs. Joe Gargery. Like a ravenous starving wolf, the convict clutched the provisions, and was eagerly devouring his stolen breakfast, when a sudden sound gave him a start, and the suspicion rushed into his mind that he was betrayed by his young enterer.

"You're not a false imp ! You brought no one with

"No. sir! No."
"Nor give no one the effice to follow you?"
"No!" "No!" Well," said be. "I believe you. You'd be but a here young hound indeed, if at your time of life you could help to hunt a wretched warmint, tunted as near death and daughlil as this poor wretched warmint

my equal.

"Well." and Joe, looking up at the Datch clock, who's been on the Ram-page, this last spell, about five minutes. Pip. She's a coming! Get behind the foor, old clap, and have the juck-towel betwirt you."

The gradually actiled down upon the pie, I made bold to gradually settled down upon the pie, I made bold to say, "I am glad you only it."

grounly an glad you onjoy it.

"Did you speak!

"I said I was glad you enjoyed it."

I had often watched a large dog of outsenting his food; and I tow noticed a large dog of outsenting his food; and it ow not read of ended a hard between the dog's way of eating and the men. I he man took strong, sharp, sudden bites, just like the dog. He swallowed, or rather ampped up, overly monthing to soon and too fast; and he looked sideways here and there wille he ate, us if he thought there was danger of monthing to take the ple away. He was after the ple away. He was a fine below over it to apprethere while he ate, us if he thought there was danger of somebody's coming to take the ple away. He was altogether for unettiled in his mind over it to appreciate it confortably. I thought, or to have anytody to dine with him, without making a chop with his jaws at the visitor. In all of which particulars he was very like the dec like the dog.
"You won't leave any of it for him," said I, timidly.

"You won't leave may of it for him," ead I, timidly, after a silence during which I had besitated as to the politones of making the remark. "There's no wone to be got where that came from." It was the certainty of this fact that impeded me to offer the hint.

"Leave for him! Who's him!" said my friend, stopping in his crunching of pic-crust.

"The young man. That you spoke of. That was hid with you."

"On, ah!" he returned, with something like a gruff laugh. "Him! Yes, yes! He don't want no wittles."

"I thought be looked as if bedid, ' said I.

"I thought be looked as if he did, ' said I.

The man stopped eating, and regarded are with the closest scratiny and the greatest surprise.

'Looked!' When?'

'Just now!'

'Yonder,' said I, pointing; "over there, where I found him nodding asleep, and thought it was you."

He held me by the coller and stared at me so, that I began to think his first idea about entaing my throat had revived.

'Dressed like you, you know only with a hat,' I explained, trembling; "and—and"—I was very anxious to put it delicately—"and with—the same reason for wanting to herrow a file. Didn't you hear the gan last night?"

'Poen there was firlar!' he said to biswalf.

last eight?"
"Then there was firling!" he said to himself.
"I wonder you shouldn't have been sare of that," I returned, "for we heard it up at home, and that's further tway, and we were shut in besides."

"Why, see now," said he. "When a man's alone on these late, with a light head and a light stomach, perishin of cold and want, he hears nothin all night but gurs firin', and voices culin'. Hears? He sees the soldiers with their rot coats, lighted up by the torches carried afore, closin' in round and. Hears his number called, hears himself challenged, hears the rattle of the muskets, hears the orders, 'Make ready!' Present'.—Cover him steady. nent' and is hid hadd. terches carried acre, cosh in round and. Henre his number called, hears bline if challenged, hears the rattle of the muskets, hears the orders, 'Make ready!' Present!—Cover idm steady, men!' and is hid hands on, and there's nothing! 'Why, if I see one pursuing party last night—couning up in order, Dann 'em, with their tramp, tramp—I see a hundred. And as to firm! Why, I see the mist shake with the cannon, when it was broud day. But this man"—he had said all the rest as it he had forgotten my being there—"did you notice snything in him!"

"He had a bruised face," said I, recalling what I hardly knew! I knew."

"Not here!" exclaimed the man, striking his left-check with the flat of his hand.

"You! There!"

"Where is be?" He crammed what little food was left into the breast of his gray jacket. "Show me the way he went. I'll pull him down like a blood-hound. Carse this iron on my sore leg! Give us hold of the flat, boy."

"Blackemith, ch!" said he. And looked down at ble leg.

After darkly looking at his leg and at me teveral thans, he came closer to my tombatone, took me by
both arms, and tilled me back as far as he could held held her or that his eves looked most bewerfully down into mine, and mine looked most be legibledly ap into his.

"Now lookin been," he said, "the question being bloody, but which he bandled as roughly as if h had no

more feeling in it than the file. I was very much afeald of him again, now that he had worked himself into this flerce hurry, and I was likewise very much afraid of keeping away from home any longer. I told him I must go, but he took no notice, so I thought the best thing I could do was to ellp off. The last I saw of him, his head was bent over his knee, and he was working hard at his fetter, muttering impatient imprecations at it and at his leg. The last I heard of him, I stopped in the mist to listen, and the file was still going.

It was thus that the heard of him I

It was thus that the born-to-be-lucky Master Pip laid the foundation of his fortune, placing the wretched "warmint" under an eternal debt of gratitude, which it was henceforth the fantastic purpose of his life to discharge by wrenching his benefactor from the humble condition of Joe Gargery's apprentice, and furnishing him with all the outward means and appliances of a gentleman born. The cross-purposes to which this whimsical arrangement gives rise, now form the staple of the plot, and afford a convenient frame-work for the display of several new types of Mr. Dickens's favorite characters.

The heroine of the story, Estella-unless that position may be disputed by the "ram-paging" Mrs. Joe Gargery, or the good faithful little Biddy, whose untaught hemely sense and native nobleness of heart spread a certain lustrous glow over protracted scenes of absurdity and crimeis no heroine at all, but a young lady apparently born with the least proportion of heart demanded by the necessities of respiration, and systematically educated for murderous coquetry, with a view to breaking the heart with malice aforethought of some unhappy lover, in revenge for a similar injury committed by one of the lords of creation on a weird, spectral feminine personage, called Miss Havisham, who had adopted the beautiful Estella as her daughter, on purpose to train her up as the feil instrument of executing her wrath and malignity. Pip's relations with the household of Havisham soon become too complicated for our brief explanations, and we pass to the conspicuous humbug of the story, the expansive Mr. Pumblechook, who needs little but his name for a complete letter of introduction. This inevitable old imposter was Joe's uncle, a well-to-do corn-and-seed-seller in the nearest town, who sported his claims to "gigmanity" by driving his own chaise-cart. Of his fascinating qualities we have a glimpse in a slight domestic scene, which we may as well bring forward without abbreviation:

Mr. Pumblechook's premises in the High street of Mr. Pumblechook's premises in the High street of the market town were of a pepper-corny and farina-ceous character, as the premises of a corn chandler and seedsman should be. It appeared to me that he mus-be a very happy man indeed to have so many little drawers in his shop; and I wondered when I peeped into one or two on the lower tiers, and saw the tied-up brower-paper packages inside, whether the flower-seeds and bulls ever wanted of a fine day to break out

into one or two on the lower tiers, and saw the ised-up brown-paper packages inside, whether the flower-seeds and builts ever wanted of a fine day to break out of those jails and bloom.

It was in the early morning after my arrival that I entertained this speculation. On the previous night I had been sent straight to bed in an attir with a slepping roof, which was so low in the corner where the bed stead was that I calculated the tiles as being within a foot of my cychrows. In the same early morning I discovered a singular affinity between seeds and cordureys. Mr. Pomolechook wore corduroys, and so did his shopman; and somehow there was a general air and flavor about the corduroys, so much in the nature of seeds, and a general air and flavor about the seeds, so much in the nature of corduroys, that I hardly know which was which. The same opportunity served me for noticing that Mr. Pomoblechook appeared to conduct his business by looking across the street at the addler, who appeared to transact has business by keeping his eye on the cotchmaker, who appeared to get on in life by putting his hands in his pockets and contemplating the baker, who in his turn folded his arms and stared at the greeer, who stood at his door and yawned at the chemist. The watchmaker, always poring over a little deak with a magnifying glass at his eye, and always inspected by a group of smock-freeks poring over him through the glass of his shop-window, seemed to be about the only person in the High street whose trace engaged his attention.

Mr. Pumblechook and I breakfasted at 3 o clock in the parker begind the shop, while the shopman took his mug of tea and bunch of bread-and-butter on a sack of peace in the front promises. I considered Mr. Pumblechook wretched company. Bestic being possessed by my sister's idea that a mornifying and pentiental character ought to be impatted to way diet—bestie giving not easied of nothing but arithmetic. On my politely bidding him Good-morning, he said, pompously, "Soven thace ramb patting such a quanti

"And ten!" And so on. And after each figure was disposed of, it was as much as I could do to get a bite or a sup before the next came; while he sat at his case guessing nothing and eating basen and hot rell in (if I may be allowed the expression) a gorging and gor-mandidate memoral.

A direful, hiraute, diabelle personnge enacts some prominent spisodes in the course of the narrative, who rejoiced is the meledious appelintrative, who rejoiced in the metodious appel-lation of Dolge Orlick. He was a hig, broad-shouldered, two-field, swartist journeyman black-smith, working on weekly wages at the forge of Joe Gargery, and always inspired with a deadly and devilesh hatred to the harmless compound of milk-and-water, which was embodied in the vis-tible form of the verdant, enthusiastic, openible form of the verdunt, enthusiastic, opencented, and open-mouthed Master Pip. Toward the conclusion of the story, the malice of this detestable fiend comes to a crisis, and almost brings to a tragic end the few " great expectations" which at that time were left to the favored protegee of the jail-bird. The scone, in which their pleasant interview is described, is, perhaps, the most powerful of any in the work, and fully proves that Mr. Dickens has lost none of the accustomed vitality which infuses such natural blood and heat into his delineations of a great catastrophe.

It was a cark wight, though the full moon rose as

It was a cark night, though the full moon rose as I left the inclosed lands, and passed out upon the marshea. Beyond their dark line there was a ribbon of clear sky, hardly broad enough to hold the red, large moon. In a tew minutes she had assended out of that clear field, in among the piled mountains of cloud.

There was a melencholy wind, and the marshea were very dismail. A stranger would have found them insupportable, and even to me they were so oppressive that I hesitated, half inclined to go back. But I knew them well, and could have found my way on a far darker night, and had no excuse for returning, being there. So, having come there against my inclination, I went on against it.

The direction I took was not that in which we deter the content of the country of the content of the con went on against it. The direction I took was not that in which my old

hone lay, nor that in which we had pursued the con-victs. My back was turned toward the distant Hulks as I walked on, and though I could see the old lights away on the spits of sand, I raw them over shoulder. I knew the line-kiln as well as I knew

shoulder. I knew the line-kilo as well as I knew the old Battery, but they were miles apart; so that if a light had been burning at each point that night, there would have been a long strip of the blank horizon be tween the two bright speaks.

At first, I had to shut some gates after me, and now and then to stand still while the cattle that were lying in the banked-up pathway arose and blundered down among the grass and reeds. But after a little while, I seemed to have the whole figts to myself.

It was another half hour before I drew near to the

ward me. Still there was no answer, and I knocked again. No answer still, and I tried the latch.

It rose under my hand, and the door yielded. Looking in, I saw a lighted candle on the table, a bench, and a matress on a truckle bedstend. As there was a loft above, I called "Is there any one here?" but no voice answered. Then I looked at my watch, and finding that it was past 9, called again, "Is there any one here?" There being still no answer, I went out at the door, irresolute what to do.

It was beginning to rain fast. Seeing nothing save what I had seen already, I turned back into the house and stood just within the shelter of the door, looking out into the night. While I was considering that some one must have been there lately and must soon be coming back, or the candle would not be burning, it came into my head to look if the wick were long. I turned round to do so, and had taken up the candle in my hand, when it was extinguished by some violent shock, and the next thing I comprehended was, that I had been caught in astrong running noose, thrown over my head from behind.

"Now," said a suppressed voice with an oath, "I've got you."

"What is this?" I cried, struggling. "Who is it?

"Now," said a suppressed voice was got you." Side but "What is this?" I cried, struggling. "Who is it?"

"What is this?" I cried, struggling. "Who is a "Help, help, help. Not only were my arms pulled close to my side, but the pressure on my bad arm caused me exquisite pain. Sometimes a strong man's hand, sometimes a strong man's breast was set against my mouth to deaden my cries, and with a hot breast always close to me, I struggled ineffectually in the dark, while I was factened tight to the wall. "And now," said the suppressed voice, with another outh, "call out sgain, and I'll make short work of finishing you!"

Faint and sick with the pain of my injured arm, bewildered by the surprise, and yet conscious how easily this threat could be put in execution, I desisted, and I tried to ease my arm were it ever so little. But it was

this threat could be put in execution, I desisted, and tried to ease my arm were it ever so little. But it was bound too tight for that. I felt as if, having been burned before, it were now being boiled.

The endden exclusion of the night and the substitution of black darkness in its place, warned me that the man had closed a shutter. After groping about for a little, he found the flint and steel he wanted, and began to strike a light. I strained my sight apon the sparks that fell among the tinder, and upon which he breathed, match in hand, but I could only see his lips, and the blue point of the match; even those but fittully. The tinder was damp—no wonder there—and one after another the sparks died out.

The man was in no hurry, and struck again with the flint and steel. As the sparks fell thick and bright

another the sparks died out.

The man was in no hurry, and struck signin with the flant and steel. As the sparks fell thick and bright about him I could see his hands, and touches of his face, and could make out that he was seated and bending over the table; but nothing more. Presently I saw his blue lips again breating on the tinder, and then a diare of light flashed up, and showed me Orlick.

Whom I had looked for I don't know. I had not looked for him. Seeing him, I felt that I was in a dangerous strait indeed, and I kept my eyes npon him. He lighted the candle from the flaring match with great deliberation, and dropped the match and tred it out. Then he put the candle away from him on the table, so that he could see me, and sat with his arms folded on the table, and looked at me. I made out that I was fastened to a stout perpendicular ledder a few laches from the wall—a fixture there—the means of secent to the loft above.

"Now," said be, when we had surveyed one another for some time, "I've got you."

"Unbind me. Lat ue go!"

"Ah!" he returned, I'll let you go. I'il let you go to the moon, I'll let you go to the stars. All in good time."

"Why have you lured me here!"

"Why have you lured me here ?"

time.

"Why have you lured me bere?"

"Don't you know," said he, with a deadly look.

"Why have you set upon me in the dark?"

"Because I mean to do it all myself. One keeps a scret better than two. Oh you exemy, you enemy!"

His enjoyment of the spectacle I furnished, as he sat with his arms folded on the table, chaking his head at me and hugging myself, had a maligaity in it that made me tremble. As I watched him in silence he put his head into the corner at his side and took up a gun with a brass-bound stock.

"Do you know this?" said he, making as if he would take aim at me. "Do you know where you saw it afore? Speak, wolf!"

"Yas," I answered.

"You cest me that place. You did. Speak.""

"What clee could I do?"

"You did that, and that would be enough, without more. How dared you to come betwist me and a young wemma I liked?"

"When did I?"

"When did I?"

"When did I?"

"When did I?"

"You gave it to yourself, you gained it for yourself. I could have done you no harm if you had done yourself none."

"You're a lint. And you'll take any pains, and

I could have done you no harm if you had done yourself none."

"You're a lint. And you'll take any pains, and
epond any mocey, to drive me out of this country, will
you'l' said he, reposting my words to Hiddy in the
last interview I had with her. "Now, I il tell you a
piece of information. It was never so well worth
your while to get me out of this country as it is to
might. Ah! If it was all your money twenty times
took, to the last bruss furden!" As he shook his heavy
hand at me, with his mouth snaring like a tiger's, I
felt that it was true.

"What are you going to do to me?"

"I'm a going," said be, bringing his fist down upon
the table with a heavy blow, and rising as the blow
fell, to give he prestor force, "I'm a going to have
your his!" He lessed forward sharing it me, slewly
uncleashed his hand and draw it across his mouth as
If his mouth watered for me, and sat dewn again.

"You was always in Old Orlick's way since ever
you was a child. You goes out of his way this present night. He'll have no more on you. You're as
good as dead."

I felt that I had come to the brink of my grave.

For a moment I looked wibily round my trap for any chance of escape; but there was none.

"More than that," said he, folding his arms on the table spain, "I won't have a ray of you, I won't have you, left on earth. I'll put your body in the

a bone of you, left on earth. I'll gut your bedy in the kiln—I d carry two such to it, on my shoulden—and, let people suppose what they may of you, they shall never know nothing."

My mind, with inconceivable rapicity, followed out all the consequences of such a death. Estella: Lather would believe I had described him, would be taken, would die accusing me; even Horbert would doubt me, when he compared the letter I had left for him, with the fact that I had called at Miss Havishen's gate for only a money. Jee and Biddy would caree they

and myself despessed by unborn generation—issense and their children—while the wretch's words were yet on his lips.

"Now, wolf," said he, "afore I hill you like any other beast—which is wot I mean to do and wot I have tied you up for—I'll have a good look at you and a good good ast you. Oh, you esensy!"

It had passed through my thoughts to cry out for help again; though few could know better than I the solivary nature of the spot and the hopelessness of aid. But us he sant gloating over the, I was supported by a grounful detestation of him that scaled my hig. Above all tilings, I resolved that I would not entrest him, and that I would de making some last poor resistance to him. Softened as my thoughts of all the rest of men were in that dire extreasity; tumbly beseeching partion, as I did, of Heaven; melted at heart, as I was, by the thought that I had taken no farewell, and never never now could take farewell of those who were dear to me, or could explain myself to them, or ask for their compassion on my miserable errors; still, if I heir compassion on my miserable errors; still, if I cold have killed him, even in dying, I would have

ne it. He had been drinking, and his eyes were red and bloodabot. Around his neck was slung a tin bottle, as I had often seen his meat and drink slung about him in other days. He brought the bottle to his lips, and took a fiery drink from it; and I smelled the strong spirits that I saw flate into his face.

"Wolf!" said he, felding his arms again, "Old Orlick's a going to tell yet somethink. It was you as

Orlick's a going to tell yet simethiak. It was you as did for your shrew sis er.

Again my mind, with its former inconcelvable rapidity, bud exhausted the whole subject of the attack upon my sister, her illness, and her death, before life slow and heritating speech had formed these words.

"It was you, villain!" said I.

"I tell you it was your doing—I tell you it was done through you," he retorted, catching up the gun, and making a blow with the stock at the vacant air between us. "I come upon her from behind, as I come upon you to night. I giv it her! I left her for dead, and if there had been a lime-kin as nigh her as there is now nigh you, she shouldn't have come to life again. But it wasn't Old Orlick as did it; it was you. You was favored, and he was builted and beat. Old Orlick builted and beat, eh? Now you pays for it. "He drank again, and became more feroeious. I saw by his tilding of the bottle that there was no great quantity left in it. I distinatly understood that he was working himself up with its contents to make an end of me. I knew that every drop it held was a drop of my life. I knew that when I was chanted into a

Li was another half hour before I drew near to the kilm. The lime was burning wish a sluggish, stiding smell, but the fires were made up and left, and no workmen were visible. Hard by was a small stone quarry. It hay directly in my way, and had been worked that day, as I saw by the tools and barrows that were lying about.

Coming up again to the marsh level out of this excavation—for the rude path lay through it—I saw a light on the old sluce-house. I quickened my pace, and knocked at the door with my hand. Waiting for some reply, I looked about me, noticing how the sluice was abandoned and broken, and how the bouse—of wood and a tiled root—would not be proof sgainst the weather much loager, if it were so even now, and how the had and cone were costed with lime, and how the choking vapor of the kiln crept in a ghostly way to—the day presented piotures to me, and not the child say presented piotures to me, and not

mere words. In the excited and exalted state of my brain I could not think of a place without seeing it, or of persons without seeing them. It is impossible to overstate the vividness of these images, and yet I was so intent, all the time upon him himself—who would not be intent on the tiger crouching to spring —that I knew of the slightest action of his fingers.

When he had drunk this second time he rose from the bench on which be sat and pushed the table aside.

Then he took up the sandle, and shading it with his murderous hand so as to throw its light on me, stood before me, looking at me and enjoying the sight.

"Wolf, I'll tell you something more. It was Old Orlick as you tumbled over on your stairs that night."

I saw the staircase with its extinguished lamps. I saw the shadows of the heavy stair-rails, thrown by the watchman's lantern on the wall. I saw the rooms that I was never to see again; here, a door half open; there, a door closed; all the articles of furniture around.

there, a door closed; all the articles of runnium around.

"And why was Old Orlick there? I'll tell you something more, Wolf. You and her have pretty well hunted me out of this country, so far as getting au easy living in it goes, and I've took up with new companions. Some of 'em writes my letters when I wants 'em wrote—do you mind?—writes my letters, wolf! They writes fifty hands; they're not like smeaking you, as writes but one. I've had a firm mind and a firm will to have your life since you was down here at your sister's burying. I hant seen a way to get you safe, and I've looked arter you to know your ins and outs. For, says Old Orlick to himself, 'Somehow or another I'll have him!' What! When I looks for you, I finds your unele Provis, ch.!"

himself, 'Somehow or another I'll have him!'
What! When I looks for you, I finds your unele
Provis, ch?'
Mill Pond Bank, and Chinks's Basin, and the Old
Green Copper Rope-Walk, all so clear and plain!
Provis in his rooms, and the signal whose use was
over, pretty Clara, the good motherly woman, old
Bill Barley on his back, all drifting by, as on the swift
stream of my life fast running out to sea!

"You with a uncle, too! Why, I know'd you at
Gargery's when you was so small a wolf that I could
have took your weasen betwixt this finger and thumb
and chucked you away dead (as I'd thoughte o' doing,
odd times, when I see you loitering among the pollards
on a Sunday), and you hadn't found no uncles then.
No, not you! But when Old Orlick come fer to hear
that your uncle Provis had nost like were the legiron what Old Orlick had picked up, filed saunder on
these meshes ever so many year ago, and wot he kep
by him till he dropped your sister with it like a bullock, as he means to drop you—hey?—when he come
for to hear that—hey!"

In his savage taunting he fisred the candle so close
at me that I turned my face acide to save it from the
flame.

"Ah!" he cried, bughing, after stoing it again,

at me that I turned my face acide to save it from the flame.

"Ah!" he cried, hughing, after doing it again, "the burnt child dreads the fire! Old Orlick knowed you was burnt, 'Old Orlick knowed you was sangging your uncle Provis away, Old Orlick's a match for you, and knowed you'd come to-night! Now I it tell you something more, wolf, and this ends it. There's them that s as good a match for your uncle Provis as Old Orlick has been for you. Let him ware them, when he's lost his nevy! Let him ware them, when no man can't find a rag of his dear relation's clothes, nor yet a bone of his body! There's them that can't and won't have Magwitch—yes, I know the name!—slive in the same land with them, and that's had such sure information of him when he was alive in another land, as that he couldn't and shouldn't leave it anbeknown, and put them in danger.

was alive in acother land, as that he couldn't and shouldn't leave it mbeknown, and put them in danger. It raps its them that writes fifty hands, and that's not like sneaking you as writes but one. 'Ware Compey, Magwitch, and the gallows!'

He flared the candle at me again, smoking my face and harr, and for an instant blinding me, and turbed his powerful back as he replaced the light on the table. I had thought a prayer and had been with Joe and Biddy and Herbert, before he turned toward means.

There was a clear space of a few feet between the table and the opposite wall. Within this space he now slouched backward and forward. His great strength reemed to sit stronger upon him than ever before, as he did this with his hands hanging loose and heavy at his sides, and with his oyee srowling at we.*I had no grain of hope left. Wild as my inward hurry was, and worderful the force of the pictures that rushed by me instead of thoughts, I could clearly understand that unless he had resolved that I was within a few moments of surely perishing out of all human knowledge, he would rever have told me what he had told.

Of a saiden he stopped, took the cork out of his bottle, and toseed it away. Light as it was, I heard it iall fike a planmet. He swallowed slowly, tilting up the bottle by little and little, and now he looked at me no more. The last few drops of liquor he poured into the palm of his lest hand and licked up. Then with a sudden harry of violence and swearing horibly, he threw the bottle from him, and stooped, and I-saw in his hand a stone hammer with a long heavy handle.

The resolution I had made did not desert me, for without uttering one vain word of appeal to him, I shouted out with all my might, and struggled with all my might. It was only ny head and my legs that I could nove, but to that extent I struggled with all any force, until then unknown, that was within me. In the same itstant I beard responsive shouts, saw figures and a gleam of light dash in at the door, heard voices and tunnels, and saw Orlick emerge from a struggle of men as II it givers tambling water, clear the table at a leap, and dy out into the night.

After a blank I found that I was lying enbound on the floor, in the same place, with my head on some one's knee. My eyes were fixed on the ladder against the wall when I came to myseti—had us it gened on them long before my mind saw it—and thus, as I recovered consciousness, I knew that I was in the place where I had lost it.

We purposely abstain from furnishing our readers with any inkling of the methods by which the denoument of the plot is reached, but they

obtain from our rapid sketches a general idea of the prompt and ingenious artifice of its of pretense and affectation-the sympathy with roung, and obscure, and even criminal life-the quick perception of the comic phases of character and society-and the occasional touches of tracic pathes, which so happily distinguish the productions of Mr. Dickens from the wearisome crowd of medern novehets. In humor the present work is less admirably successful than most of his popular masterpieces. It abounds in grotesque and ludierous comparisons, but they more frequently take the character of broad farce than is common even with the rollicking sallies of the author. Thus, after the boy Pip had been doved by the beneficent Mrs. Joe with a nauscous cup of tarwater, he remarks that "at the best of times so much of this clixir was administered to him as a choice restorative, that he was conscious of going about smelling like a new fence." The morning on which little Pip took the breakfast to the convict on the marshes was so misty and moist as to elicit the descriptive remark by Pip that " he had seen the damp lying outside of his window as if some goblin had been crying there all night, and using the window for a pocket-handkerchief." The long chalk-scores on the wall of the bar-room of the Jolly Bargemen, which had been there ever since Pip could remember, and had grown more than he had, suggested to him the theory (certainly no worse than most theories) that as "there was a quantity of chalk about the country, perhaps the people neglected no opportunity of turning it to account." Georgiana Pocket, a cousin of Miss Havisbam, is characterised as "52 Indigestive single woman, who called her rigidity religion and her liver love." The "ameary newspaper" which Pip attempts to read at the Blue Boar was "long out of date, and had nothing half so legible in its local news as the foreign matter of coffee, pickles, fish sauces, gravy, melted butter and wine, with which it was sprinkled all over, as if it had taken the measles in a highly irregular form." Dickens, however, would not be himself without the use of some such safety-valves which permit the escape of the farcical fancies which crowd every convolution of his brain. His true humor constantly flashes out through the inimitable platitudes of Mr. Pumblechook, the droll conceptions of Wemmick, and the infantile goodheartedness of honest, burly, long-suffering Joe

THE LAW OF RATIONS AFFECTING COMMERCE PUBLING WAR! WITH A BETTAN OF THE I MISSIETON, PRACTICE, AND PROCEEDINGS OF PRISE COURS. By FRANCES II. UTVIN, ILLE. 500. 99.004

In pursuance of the advice of several outnerst

collected the principles of law applicable to the courts, as expounded especially by Lord Stowell and Mr. Justice Story, together with a pre-liminary view of the law of nations, so far as they relate to the interests of commerce in time of war. The topics of which it treats are now presented for the first time in a special graph, and the elucidation of them furnished in the volume cannot fail to attract the notice not only of the profession, but of merchants and statesmen. Mr. Upton expresses himself, with commendable explicitness, in regard to the causes

commendable explicitness, in regard to the causes of the present national crisis.

The dogma of independent State sovereignty has been adhered to with a pertinacity, which (in view of the carefully expressed and unambiguous provisions of the Constantion of the United States) requires no ordinary degree of charitable forteansnee to designate as honest, until at length it has brought forth its legitimate and bitter fruit, in a foolish and wicked and causeless rebellion of these States whose leaders have adopted it, and which can only be happily terminated by the utter extinction of this pernicious hereay.

In discussing the question, Who are lawful belligerents? he enters more fully into the character of the conspiracy against the Union.

belligerents? he enters more fully into the character of the conspiracy against the Union.

The annals of the world furnish no parallel to the present atractions combination to overthrow the Constitutional Government of the United States. In all those cases to which reference has been made, and in deed, in every instance recorded in history, of a people revolting against a government of which it forms a part, where the revolt has assumed proportions entiting it to be regarded as something other than the aberrations of a deluded mob, there have existed circumstances of more or less significance, which commended the revolt to the sympathics of Christian mations.

The impartial reader of history will seek in vain for the record of such a revolt, that may not fairly be referred to some direct, pressing, urgent cause, or, at least, in which the leading spirits of the movement were not themselves in perfect accordance, in their assignment of the reasons which impelled them to resistance. But in this canatural rebellion against as mild, and benignant, and beneficent a government as ever existed upon earth, is presented the extraordinary spectacle of grave and apparently well-considered public documents, prepared for submission to the judgment of the world, summating from the two prominent conspirators in the revolt—one calling himself the President, and the other the Vice-Bresident of the Confederate States—in which each sets forth elaborately what he considers the aggregation of causes which have induced the attempt to overthrow the government, so ut crly discordant, so dismetrically differing, each from the other, that one who should for the first time read the manifestoce, without any previous information of carrent events, might suppose them to refer to different nations and a different people.

It is quite safe to declare that rebellion to be causeless, in which it is coarcely possible to find any two prominent insurrectionits agreeing in their assignment of the causes which have produced it.

It is quite safe to declare that rebellion to be causeless, that is missed against a government, which, from its commencement to the dawn of revolt, has been The impartial reader of history will seek in vain for

ment of the causes which have produced it.

It is quite safe to declare that rebellion to be cause-less, that is mised against a government, which, from its commencement to the dawn of revolt, has been controlled and administered, in all its departments, in the interests of those by whom the rebellion has been is cited. And it is quite safe to declare that rebellion to be causeless which has no other avowed basis than a pretended apprehension of a future indisposition of the government to protect the peculiar rights in the peculiar property of the revolting people—which, if successful, can have no other and than to leave these sights so atterly without all protection, that their eventual annihilation would be inevitable.

Revolting people of other mations have risen to throw of the yoke of the oppressor—to free themselves from an odious thralldom—to cast away the burdens heaped upon them by an iron despotism, and te go forth an independent people. Never before, in the world's history, was a rebellion against a constituted government recorrelation with the avowed and sole parpose and object of encouraging, protecting, extending, and perpetualing human slavery, and making the perpetual boudage of a race the chief corner-stone of the social and political fabric.

E.Considerations such as these might well have justified Great Britain in declaring that such recognitions of a revolted people as lawful beligerents, which have hitherto been made by nations, before their independence was acknowledged, furnish no precedent for a case like this.

The different topics connected with the jurisdiction of Prize Courts are treated with espious illustrations, and the whole subject is presented to the intelligent reader in a compact and lucid

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE. Suprember, 1864. W. H.,

The present number of the "Edectio" commences s new volume, the series having attained the venerable miscellany from a great variety of foreign sources of the highest reputation, this magazine has recommended itself to a wide circle of readers, and it still occupies a place which is held by no other American periodical. The special feature, which is always perused in its pages, of combining elaborate and profound literary and scientific papers, with the lighter productions of the British periodical press, gives it a character of general interest, and makes it welcome alike to the scholar. nal man, and the gene the articles of chief value in this number, which embellished with a memotiat portrait of Thorwaldsen, management. The story is marked by the hatred and "The Life and Times of Count Cavour," " Novel and Nevelists," "Laye and Legends of Cromwell," "Modern French Historians," not to meution others of perhaps no less merit.

POSITIVE FACTS WITHOUT THE SHADOW OF DOUBT. By Micham Ground Divisian, byo., 1108. Printing for the Publisher.

A collection of ossays and treatises by various authors, meanly on moral and religious subjects, divised into a series of chapters, under appropriate titles, is contained in this portly volume. authors, whose works have been drawn upon by the compiler, are, with few exceptions, not familiarly known to the public, and without preliminary notice or introduction, must be taken by the reader exclusively on their own morits. The aim of the volume appears to be the diffusion of wholesome principles and sound precepts, but they are presented in too formidable bulk to reach the mass of readers, without any extrancous attractions. Among its contents we find a translation of Boethins's "Consolation of Philosophy," but the principal portion of the book is from less re-

condite sources. The Law of Nations effecting Connerce during War. By Francis H. Upton, L.L. B. bvo. pp. 304. John S.

Francis R. Upton, LL. B. Evo. pp. 304. John S. Veorhies.
Southern Reboillon and the War for the Union. Seria, No. 4. James D. Torrey.
Torrey of Southern Life, Social, Political, and Military. (Russell's Letters to The Times.) 12mo. pp. 142. James G.

Gregory.

Historical Sactches of Europe. By Jos. de Buelow. Serial,
Part Published at No. 15 Broad-t cat.

The Metaphysics of Sir William Hamilton, collect al. arranged,
and sirridged for the use of Colleges and Private Students.

By Francis Bowen. 12mo pp. 563. Sever a Francis.

-The principal topic of iterest in the literary world

LITERARY.

of England is Alexander Smith's new poem, "Edwin of Deira." It is handled with considerable severity in most of the critical journals, and seems to have won no cordial praise in any quarter. The Seturday Review says: "We cannot predict that 'Edwin of Deira' will materially improve its author's position in the literary world. Every page is eminently pretty, and the story throughout is readable enough. But the characters have no sort of vigor or individuality, and the plot is of a very shambling description. There are plenty of fine lines, but often bearing an uncomfortable appearance of having been foirted into their places by the head and shoulders. With regard to general criticism, we can only repeat what has been already said twenty times el-ewhere in previous no-tices of our author's works. But Mr. Smith should recollect that each repetition in a new work of his old faults strengthens the hands of adverse editicism; while each your that passes deprives him of the ple a of inexperience, and lessens his chances of amendment. He is still utterly unable to shake off his carlier faulta---an unfortunate striving after violent metaphors in earth, sea, and air, and an invoterate habit of coheing other people's poetry and ideas. He still cominges to tantalize us with beautiful lines here and there, and I gal authorities, the author of this volume has as often speils their effect with some monetrous imagery